

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NO. 219 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

—SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS—

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &c.

EDMUND DEACON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1861.

ESTABLISHED ABOUT 1800, BY WHOLESALE BOOKSELLERS.

"HIS HAND UPON THE LATCH."

A YOUNG WIFE'S SONG.

My cottage home is all with light
The long, long summer day,
But, ah! I scarce love the night,
And hail the dawning ray.
For ere restores me one whose smile
Doth more than morning's match,
And life about me dawning while
His hand is on the latch!

When autumn dews are thick with showers,
And shadows gather all,
And grapes grow purple 'neath the eaves
Along our trellis's wall,
I dreaming sit—the sleepy bird
Faint twittering in the thicket,
To wake to joy when soft is heard
His hand upon the latch!

In the short winter afternoon
I throw my work aside,
And through the lattice, whilst the moon
Shines softly and wide,
On the dim upland paths I peer
In vain his form to catch,
Lingers with delight, and hear
His hand upon the latch!

Yes; I see him in storm and shine;
For me he toils all day;
And his true heart I know is mine,
Both near me and away.
And when he leaves our garden gate
At morn, his steps I watch,
Then patiently till ere await
His hand upon the latch!

—Doris.

THE RULING PASSION.

OR, STRUGGLE AND TRIUMPH.

BY EDWINA BURBURY.

AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE BACKVILLE,"

ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

Maiden with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orb a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Oh, these child of many prayers!
Life hath quickened—life hath quickened!
Care and age come unwearied!

The poor too often turn away unheard
From hearts that beat against them with a sound
That will be heard in Heaven. Pray, tell me
Of your adventures. Keep nothing from me.

—Longfellow.

"Come here, Julia; I want to speak to you."

"In a moment, mamma;" but the girl exhibited no haste to obey the command, continuing quietly to arrange her curls in irreproachable order before she performed her mother's bidding. Then, when her caprice was satisfied, she turned away from the mirror and threw herself into a low arm-chair beside the window, in front of an imperious, well-preserved lady, attired in a stiff, rustling silk and elaborate Parisian costume, exclaiming: "Well, mamma, I am ready."

"So it seems; and you have taken your time about it."

"Of course; what earthly use is there in being in a hurry?"

"Not much, certainly; although it is a mother who calls, and there is a popular weakness in favor of obedience to such persons," answered Lady Shirley, bitterly.

"Oh, yes, yes; but you and I have long since abandoned ceremony; and now, at any rate, the effect of the disobedience is satisfactory," replied the other, glancing critically at her full-length reflection in the pier-glass opposite.

"Tolerably. The Count admires ringside so much more than braids; and, therefore, although I cannot say I think them so becoming to you, still, as he does, you have done wisely to adopt them."

"Barely, you don't suppose I have done it to please him?"

"Of course I do, and applaud you for it. It is not every girl who has the wisdom to prefer interest to vanity; and although the Count is not an Adonis, his rank—"

"I hate it. I hate him!"

"Nonsense! you will get over that. Consider—"

"I have—I do, until I am half mad. Thinking drives me frantic!"

"Act, then."

"How?"

"Bring him to the point at once: he only requires a little encouragement and opportunity. You give him the first; I will take care he has the last."

"I don't doubt it, but it will do no good. I cannot encourage him; I detect his very name."

"That is folly—misery. I dream you do not love him; but what does that matter? How many girls do love the men they marry—one in a hundred!"

"Perhaps! But I mean to be the one!"

"Absurd! Don't be silly, or waste time in such idle talk, or I shall indeed think you are mad!"

"Why? Because I don't choose to lay myself out to entrap this man—this Count; because I don't grasp at the idea of selling myself, body and soul, that a few plebeian hands may sell me to Countess—a few women make way for me to pass before them—because I don't choose to do this, but act honestly and truly, believing and intending to keep the oath I take, you think me mad?"

"Have I not cause?"

"No! Yet—and the girl laughed bitterly—what else most sentiments of honor, virtue, or truth, sound from my lips but the ravings of insanity!"

Lady Shirley moved impatiently.

"Have you done, Julia? Really we have no time to trifle; your cousin will be here directly. Can you be rational for five minutes and listen to me?"

"Go on—I hear!" and Julia's face resumed its usual hard expression. "But, first,—and she turned for an instant to her mother—answer me a question. You are a woman, married, and a mother. You must have a heart?"

"You are mistaken. I had one once, but it died long since."

"Ha! How? Why?"

"It is an old story, and a long one. I have forgotten it."

"What came to you when your heart died?"

"Ambition. The love of power and rank. And these have filled the vacuum well. I should be satisfied could I only see my children in the position I desire."

"And that would be?"

"A coronet for you—a rich and noble wife for your brother."

"My brother William? But will he consent to be thus bought and sold, think you?" asked Julia.

"Why not? He is a man of the world."

"Yes, and no. I can hardly tell that; but even so, he has an honest, simple heart. He might love a peasant, and, in that case, would marry her."

"No. He will marry your cousin."

"Beatrice Lyle?"

"Yes!"

"How do you know that?" asked Julia.

"I shall make him!" replied the mother.

"Impossible!"

"We shall see. When you get a little older, you, like Napoleon, will erase that word from your vocabulary. As for William and Beatrice, I have settled that long ago. They are made for each other; there is no other match in England so suitable for him. Rich, free, and well-born—what could he desire more?"

"Not much, certainly. And it is with this view you have invited her here?"

"To be sure!"

"How was it she did not come eight or ten months since, immediately after my uncle, her father, died?"

"She went to stay with the rector of the parish, and I was not sorry for it. William was away, so nothing could be done in that matter; and your father gave such a description of her sister's want of discipline—cry, cry, all day long, until she made herself perfectly frightful—that I was not at all anxious to press the invitation until she recovered her senses."

BEATRICE AND JULIA IN THE GARDEN—THE SURPRISE.

"Quite right. I hate weeping beauties."

"But she is not a beauty; or, rather, was not when I saw her, two years back. She may have improved since."

"What was she like, then?"

"A tall, awkward, unfledged girl, with great black eyes and hair."

"A crane!"

Julia smiled, and then, as if she had been struck by a lightning bolt, she threw back her long blonde curls.

"Yes, you are right!" said the mother, answering aloud the unspoken thought. "She is not so handsome as you are; you need not fear her rivalry!"

"I hope not, for her sake. But ah!"—and forgetting for a moment where and with whom she was, Miss Shirley sprang to her feet, threw open the window and leaned out, for she had caught sight of a tall, manly figure, crossing the lawn from the plantations, and gazing on it, speedily became oblivious of all else.

Too much accustomed to her vagaries to be surprised at anything, Lady Shirley made no remark upon her daughter's present proceeding, never suspecting it had any special cause, until at last, after having spoken unheeded several times, she rose and approached the window, saying rather angrily:

"What in the world are you doing, Julia? Can't you hear me speak?"

"Yes—no! I beg your pardon!" and she drew back hastily, face, neck, and brow deep red with blushes, which her mother perceiving, glanced quickly and sternly from her to the lawn, from which she just saw the skirts of a man's coat disappear.

"Who's that?" she cried, instantly bending forward. "Who have you been looking at? Who is it?"

"Who's who?" answered Julia, recovering herself, "I see nobody!"

"Nor I, now; but a moment since, when you were looking out, there was a man there!"

"Possibly; there are plenty about!"

"None that should bring that color to your face!"

"Have I a color? Well, for once, then, the east wind has done somebody good!"

"The east wind!" repeated her ladyship, surprised.

"Yes; try it yourself; only don't let it de-range that cap, for which Leontine deserves immortality. But speaking of dress, who dines here to-day? Any one but the Count?"

"Only Beatrice and George Conyers. Your father would ask him."

"Indeed!" and the glow came back on Julia's face, as she bent to raise her handkerchief from the floor. "He does not often come, now!"

"Why should he? There is no inducement to him, and no attraction for us poor, proud nobody!"

"That is ungenerous. Mr. Conyers may be poor, but he is a gentleman, mamma, and the son of a gentleman?"

"Yes, by Act of Parliament! and without a penny beyond his daily need. Better a butcher, baker, grocer, than such a gentleman!"

"And yet such riches, with such rank, did not satisfy you. You pined for the gentility my father's money could not give, and rejoiced when the mayoralty of York made him Sir James, and you my Lady—"

ing all money of the shop and trade for ever."

"You forget yourself strangely, Julia. My father—your grandfather—was a gentleman—"

"Yes, poor and proud, like Mr. Conyers; and to escape the miseries of the first state, you sacrificed the requirements of the last, and became a tradesman's daughter in the town. Still, you were not satisfied—not happy. Life has been one long struggle for something better than you had, and so it will be to the end; strife and disappointment following each other!"

"This is strange language from you to me, Julia!"

"It is. Heaven help me, it is! But we are strange people."

"How?"

"Every way; and I would fain save myself from becoming even worse than strange. Mother!"—and following a sudden impulse, the girl turned quickly round, her eyes flashing, her cheeks brightening, and her voice softening—"I have listened to you; now listen to me, and save me from the fate to which you are urging me. You have tried, and found the hollowness of money, rank, and pride; their utter insufficiency to give peace. Drive me not, then, to a life where I shall have naught but these, and must seek something else for happiness. I hate—I hate this Count. Compel me not to marry him; he has nothing but a title to give me; and you, who have that, know well how worthless it is to satisfy the heart. Passionate, reckless, ill-disciplined as I am, I must love some one; and if that one is not—cannot be my husband, then—Ah! mother, mother, save me!"—and with a low, shuddering cry, Julia threw herself upon the sofa, and hid her face with her hands.

Lady Shirley, astonished, perplexed, and angry, cried:

"Save you from what? Really, Julia, you surprise and annoy me exceedingly. I thought you had been better trained than to give way to such absurd folly as this! You appeal to my experience, and talk of love, and hearts, and happiness, as children do of the moon! of the first you know nothing; and for the last, the only way to secure it is by obedience to my wishes. Marry the man I desire; and in wearing the name, and by your fortune restoring the old, noblest family in Italy to its early glory, become a sharer in its grandeur. As Countess Orsini, you will have a high (if not the highest) place, both at your husband's court and your own; honor, influence, power, will wait upon your steps; from being the unknown daughter of an insignificant English knight, you will become the companion of princes; and your children, aided by your wealth and their father's name, may, in the revolutions of this changing world, take rank amongst its sovereigns!"

"And my soul?" whispered the girl, raising her head, and gazing on her mother. "My soul—what of that?"

"I do not understand you!"

"I shall have cared for, and secured, my husband's fortune, family, and estates, my children's rank; but my own soul—body, heart, happiness, being sacrificed—what of that? What shall I have done for that?"

"The same as others do; no more or less."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course. What can you mean?"

"Nothing. Only as you bid me give up all on earth, I would ask—if there be such a plea—such a cure of heaven."

"No other way than by obedience to your parents!"

"Yes; and therefore—"

the rose: her eyes were wild and her face cold—and she looked at the girl—the marble.

"What?"

"Have patience, mother! Therefore,—"

she spoke slowly—"I—"

But ere the words of promise, for which Lady Shirley eagerly listened, could be uttered the sound of carriage wheels rapidly approaching was heard; and at the same moment a servant threw open the room door, saying, "A travelling-carriage in the drive, my lady."

To resume the conversation, thus opportunely interrupted, was impossible; and with an angry exclamation, Lady Shirley left the room, and dressing her face with smiles, hurried to receive her guest, while Julia, thus left alone, sank back upon her seat, exclaiming: "Saved, saved! Oh, what a weak, poor fool I am to be so talked and wearied out of my common senses! What a precipice I have escaped! The very words which would have bound me, arrested on my lips! I, who had so sworn to myself never to yield!—whose whole heart—such a wretched, worthless thing as it is—is all given to him, for whom, vile as I am, I would die in tortures—from whom one word or smile of love, would outweigh the wide world's wealth, and glory! Oh, how I hate myself! But, saved now, is saved forever! I will run the risk of such conversations no more! Intrigue, torment, command me as she will, I will not obey this mandate of my mother's, or marry this Count. Only, for a while, I must temporize, and so gain time to see my way clear; and then—"

She paused, leaving the sentence incomplete, but the silence was eloquent enough; no need of further words to make her resolution and defiance plain.

Meanwhile Miss Lyle's carriage had drawn up; the steps were let down, and a young girl, of some eighteen years, descended.

"My dear child—my dear niece—welcome, welcome!" cried Lady Shirley, advancing with extended hands, and in her warmth of greeting, almost bearing the visitor into the hall. "How well you look! How delighted I am to see you!"

"Thanks, dear aunt," answered a sweet, low voice. "You are indeed kind!"

"Nay, love, the kindness is on your part, to come to our dull home, in preference to so many more attractive invitations. But I trust you will be happy; we will do our best to make you so."

"I am sure of it, and that I shall love you all dearly. But where is my cousin?"

"Here!" and Julia glided forward, and offered her hand, and then bent towards her guest, and kissed her.

The carous was fondly returned; and then, actuated by the same impulse, the girls looked full and inquisitively upon each other.

Fair objects for scrutiny were both.

Julia Shirley, of the graceful middle height, with an exquisite contour and complexion, eyes of light blue, and clouds of soft blonde hair.

Beatrice Lyle, tall and thin, with a pure olive skin, utterly colorless, hair black as midnight, and eyes—ah! who shall describe them?—so deep, so dark, yet so brilliant and

sparkling; now gleaming with joy, now with a look of sternness, and then with a look of sadness, and then with a look of anger, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt, and then with a look of revolution, and then with a look of destruction, and then with a look of creation, and then with a look of redemption, and then with a look of damnation, and then with a look of glory, and then with a look of shame, and then with a look of honor, and then with a look of dishonor, and then with a look of praise, and then with a look of blame, and then with a look of reward, and then with a look of punishment, and then with a look of mercy, and then with a look of justice, and then with a look of love, and then with a look of hate, and then with a look of despair, and then with a look of hope, and then with a look of triumph, and then with a look of defeat, and then with a look of resignation, and then with a look of defiance, and then with a look of submission, and then with a look of rebellion, and then with a look of revolt,

SPREADING THE WORD

Old Duncan Holthousen had a habit of frequently thinking aloud. Frequently if any matter troubled him, he had to talk it over with himself before his peace of mind could be restored. One day he was alone in his barn, pitching hay from the muckbed to the snow, when his neighbor Steverson came to find him. Steverson heard a voice, and paused. It was the voice, it was to himself. He was condemning in the strongest terms the extravagance of the minister's wife.

"She sets a worse example than Satan," exclaimed the deacon, by way of climax.

And having fixed his mind, he was preparing to come down from the loft, when the women glided out of the barn, and came in again just as the deacon landed on the floor.

"How d's de, deacon?" cried Stacey. "I want to borrow your half-bushel an hour or two."

"Oh,artin,artin," said the deacon.

The measure was put into the neighbor's hands, and he departed.

It was a peaceful community—the minister's wife was an excellent woman, notwithstanding her love of finery, and Deacon Hobbins was of all men the least disposed to make trouble in the society. Hence the sensation which was produced when the rumor circulated that he had used almost blasphemous language in speaking of that terrible lady. The warmest tempered women would not like to hear of a grave and influential deacon declaring that the "Satan" was a worse example than Satan!

The minister's wife, whose ear was in due time reached by the report, felt in a high degree incensed, and sent her husband to deal with the honest old man.

The latter was astonished when told of the charge against him.

"I never told as I solemnly affirmed."
"You are quite positive that you never did?" said the minister.
"Heaven knows! It's as false as can be!" exclaimed the deacon. "Whatever thoughts I may have had about your wife's extraneous gait—and I am now free to say I do think she has got our wives and daughters running after new bonnets and shawls, and such vanities—whatever thoughts I've had, though, I've kept 'em to myself; I never intended 'em to a living soul, never!"
The good man's earnestness quite convinced the minister that he had been fairly reported. It was therefore necessary to dig to the root of the scandal. Mrs. Brown, who had told the minister's wife, had heard Mrs. Jones say that Mr. Adams said that Deacon Hobhouse said so; and Mr. Adams, being applied to, stated that he had the report from Stevens, who said he had heard the deacon say so. Stevens was accordingly brought up for examination, and confronted with the deacon.
"It's an outrageous falsehood!" said the deacon. "You know, Stevens, I never opened my lips to you on the subject—nor to any other man."
"I heard you say," remarked Stevens coolly, "that the minister's wife sets a worse example than Satan; and I can take my oath of it."

"When? Where?" demanded the exchequer.

"In your barn," replied Stevens, "when I went to borrow your half-bushel."

"There never was such a lie!" Stevens—Stevens, said the quivering deacon—"you know—"

"Wait till I explain," interrupted Stevens. "I was on the barn floor, you was up on the scaffold pitching hay, and talking to yourself I thought it too good to keep; so, just for the sake, I told what I heard you say."

The deacon scratched his head, looked dumfled, and admitted that he might; in that ray, have used the language attributed to him. To avoid trouble in the society, he afterwards went to apologise to the minister's wife.

"You must consider," said he, "that I was talking to myself; and when I talk to myself, I am apt to speak my mind very freely."

THE MAGIC BOX.

A housekeeper's affairs had for a long time been becoming very much entangled, and the poor woman knew not what to do to get out of her difficulties. After a time she bethought herself of a wise old hermit who lived in the neighborhood, and to him she repaired for advice. She related to him all her trouble, saying—

"Things go on badly enough; nothing prospers in doors or out; pray, sir, can you not devise some remedy for my misfortune?" The hermit—a shrewd, rosy man—beggared to wait, and retiring to an inner chamber of his cell, after a short time brought out a very curious looking box, carefully sealed up.

"Take this," said he, "and keep it for one year; but you must three times a day and three times a night carry it into the kitchen, the cellar and the stable, and set it down in each corner. I answer for it, that shortly you will find things improve. But be sure at the end of a year, to bring back the box. Now, farewell."

The good woman received the precious box with many thanks, and bore it carefully home. The next day, as she was carrying it into the cellar, she met a servant who had been secretly drawing a pitcher of beer. As she went a little later into the kitchen, there she saw a maid making herself a cup of rum-soup. In the stable, she discovered and corrected some new hounds. At the end of the year, she, faithful to her promise, carried the box to the hermit, and brought him to show her to keep it, as it held a most wonderful effect.

"Only let me keep it one year longer, and you can see all will be remedied."

The hermit smiled, and replied,

"I cannot allow you to keep the box, but a secret that is hidden within, you shall see."

He opened the box, and lo! it contained nothing but a slip of paper, on which was traced this couplet:—

"Would you thrive most prosperously,
"Wash your countenance with soap."

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS
SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOR 1861

Tell, tell, within your airy heights;
What, what! o'er moor and mere,
On this, the gladder of all days,
The first day of the year!
The first day of the year!
Like tapes round a tree,
When quiet falls at still hours all,
And God seems very near.

How gladly did the Spring go by,
The gentle, girlish Spring!
How readily did the Summer die,
In very Spring!
How easily came the Autumn on,
As easily to depart!
How kindly was the Old Year done
His mission to each heart!

Though vanity o'er his shadowy face
Full many a mortal weeps;
Though, folded in the silent grave,
Full many a darling sleeps;
Though pleasant eyes, that saw it come,
Can never see it go,
Still, kindly was the Old Year done
His mission to each soul.

For every cloud, within its breast,
A golden sunbeam lies,
And every joy was doubly blessed
By sorrow's gentle breeze;
And every little soul that laid
Morally asleep,
Departing, left us in its stead,
An angel, holy-eyed!

And on this last night of the year,
This quiet, dreamy night,
The angels' ministrations are here,
A goodly, gracious sight!
With white robes shining through the gloom,
With fair, immortal forms,
They fill around the home-like room,
And all familiar places.

Their hands are felt where other hands
Were felt in days before;
Their heads are laid where other heads
Shall never linger more!
Their writhing footsteps seem to mock
The passing feet, now dead,
And, mingling with the ticking clock,
Their voices breathe for aye;

Of myriad blessings, to be born
Within the coming year—
Of love and peace for those who mourn,
And hope for those who fear;
Of darknesses removed away
From sorrow and from sin—
Of good seed sown, and in their day,
Rich harvests gathered in.

Of ships that shall go down to sea,
And leave a shining track,
And, after cruising merrily,
Shall bring their treasure back;
And of those new ships of thought,
Man's noblest navy yet,
Which shall bring to us the best
The wealth of Ari's deep sea!

The old clock strikes upon the stair,
Time's tide is at its turn,
And here, and there, and everywhere,
The New Year tapers burn;
Strange, dreamy anthems fill the street,
The music hangs o'er the river—
The organ groans, the drums are beat,
The Old Year's gone forever!

Swing, bells! a hundred happy ways—
Laugh, wind! o'er moor and mere,
On this, the gladder of all days,
The first day of the year!
The first day of the year!
Is cheerful at his heart;
The first pure day, when merry sun
Lights up a merry earth.

Shout, hearts! from your fullest depths,
Sing, mortals! till ye tire;
This little new-born year has crept
Close to your blazing fire;
He spreads his tiny, rosy hands,
He looks in gentle light—
Oh! read his mission, as he stands,
And read it, friends, aright!

That dimpled face, that pleasant face,
Where wishes gather in—
Oh! were they made to bear the trace
Of bitter wrong and sin?
Were such fair shoulders made to bow
Beneath such dreary weight?
And blood-stains for that open brow?
Ah, no!—forbid it, Fate!

But take the darling to your breast,
Be tender and discreet;
Let honest thoughts his nectar be,
And honest deeds his meat;
Let purest charity enfold
Each little naked limb,
And let his crown be Honor's gold,
Which never can grow dim!

And nobly will his manhood yield
Your well-deserved reward,
For, like a strong and shining shield,
His arm, before the Lord,
Will guard ye from the awful fate
Attending evil men,
And add to Heaven's high estate,
Will only leave ye then!

Swing, bells! a hundred happy ways—
Laugh, wind! o'er moor and mere,
On this, the gladder of all days,
The first day of the year!
The first day of the year!
We gather round the hearth—
Oh, God! we thank Thee, who hast sent
This New Year to our earth!

Examiner.—An Irishman, in a town not far from Boston, crying about the streets that which he wished to advertise as particularly fresh, did it thus:

"Here's fish! dead fish! all other!"



VIOLET,
OR,
THE WONDER OF KINGWOOD CHASE
BY PIERRE EGAN.

[Adapted according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

[In order that new subscribers who begin with the present number, may be able to go on with this interesting story, we may simply state—That Eric Gower is the son of Lord Kingswood, by a lady whom he thought he had seduced into a pretended marriage, but which marriage really was a genuine one.

Ismael (or Lord Vernon) was the lover of the lady in question, and now is determined that Eric shall have his rights.

Eric is ignorant of these facts—having been under Ismael's care from childhood, until recently taken to Kingswood Manor. Lord Kingswood himself being ignorant of Eric's existence, supposing that he had died when a child.

Cyril is the son of Lord Kingswood, by his present wife, a lady of high family who really is not his legal wife, owing to the fact that Lord Kingswood's first marriage was a legal one. Lady Maud is the cousin of Cyril. Violet, a beautiful sweet maiden, under the care of Ismael, is in love with Cyril, though greatly against the wishes of Ismael.

Philip Avon is madly in love with Maud, and is very jealous of Eric, whom Maud really loves.

In a personal combat between the two rivals, Philip was left on the ground seriously wounded.

Eric then left Kingswood secretly for London, where he met Beatrice, the sister of an old friend, Carlton Stanhope, who seems to have taken a violent liking for Eric, thus complicating matters not a little.

Violet was removed to London to get her out of Cyril's way, and placed under the care of an ancient spinster, who does not believe in love, Miss Abbotina Virgo.

Pharisee, Lord Kingswood's valet, is a sleek hypocrite, false to everybody. He has seen a letter to Lady Kingswood from a certain Lord Chillingham, and resolves to use his knowledge to obtain power over that lady, whom he greatly admires. He has also promised to obtain for Lady Kingswood, full knowledge of Eric's parentage, which she suspects, and she has promised to reward him for so doing.

Ismael (Lord Vernon) seeing that Violet is pining in her seclusion, has determined to introduce her to new scenes and people, hoping thereby to divert her affections from Cyril.

At the time the following chapter commences, Eric Gower has left his friend's house in London secretly, in search of lodgings—while Lord Kingswood, who whose ear Pharisee has pointed the slanderous charge against Eric, that he had seduced Philip Avon, and also Cyril on a previous occasion, is about to rush into the Chase in pursuit of both Eric and Cyril.

The supernatural machinery of the story, including the reputation of the Maiden or Wonder of the Chase, will doubtless develop itself in the course of the narrative.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The unexpected mention of Cyril Kingswood's name by Carlton Stanhope had precipitated Eric's departure from the residence of the latter.

Impetuous, impatient of control, unreflecting, Eric had withdrawn himself from an opportunity upon which for a moment, and a moment only, he had congratulated himself as affording a favorable opening to his future career.

Well educated, conscious of the possession of considerable mental powers and great physical energy, he regarded an appointment under government as an office in the most excellent degree suited to his abilities. He thought of men who, at first in a subordinate post, had, by great intellectual capacity and indomitable perseverance, pushed their way on to wealth and eminence, and he saw in this same government appointment of which Carlton had spoken, the stepping-stone to the path along which he desired to race.

But a word had been spoken, a blow had been dealt, and he was, so it were, prostrate in the dust, alone, unfriended, with a path yet untraced of the rocky way of life, and the weapon wanting with which to carve it.

In his solitary ride in the vehicle he had engaged, he had time to ruminate over the past, his present position, and his prospects for the future.

The wounded form of Philip Avon haunted him. He was convinced that he had not killed him; he was certain that his sword had inflicted only flesh wounds, and his bullet had disabled only his right arm, but the blood-drenched form, with all its sickening, hideous accessories, would appear his vision as though it were the specter of a murdered man, and his the hand that had committed the deed of blood.

He had recognized Cyril Kingswood, as he entered the glade, making his way to the scene of conflict; and he was well aware that in Kingswood Hall there had subsequently echoed, from vault to roof, exaggerated stories concerning the discovery of Philip Avon's body. He surmised quickly enough that his absence would at once stamp him as the perpetrator of the act by which Philip Avon had fallen, and that malignancy on the one hand, and the natural tendency of human nature to view such matters through the darkest medium, would, on the other, attribute to the simple defeat of his antagonist, achieved on the fairest terms, the most criminal motives.

Against such imputations he was aware that he had but his simple, unsupported testimony. He was satisfied that Philip Avon would not hesitate to loudly traduce him; and thus he was only too painfully conscious that within Kingswood Hall his name would be blackened, his character defamed, and the vilification of these charges would be apparently confirmed by his flight.

Lord Kingswood, he believed, would, though disturbed by the occurrence, be secretly glad that he had gone, never again to cast his shadow upon his threshold, and he did not suppose that any other member of the family or household would entertain any other opinion.

Hence his natural dislike to again encounter Cyril Kingswood.

Yet there was one beneath the fretted roof of that noble building who would not, he felt assured, think of him other than he deserved. She would intuitively know that he had raised his hand for her fair sake, and that he had proved the victor. She would not blame him, though he had fled. She would not let a word of censure respecting him pass her lips. She only, and alone, would pity him, and wish him a different fate to that which now seemed to stare him gloomily in the face.

Yes, Lady Maud, at least, would think of him with compassionate tenderness; and though the whole world, cold, selfish, and unfeeling as it was, would speak and think of him harshly and ungraciously, Lady Maud would breathe his name with gentleness, think of him in kindness, and, perhaps, drop a tear over his forsaken, solitary, and friendless condition.

A loud crash prevented further thought. He was jerked forward, and at the same moment he beheld the bundle he had seen precipitated to the ground rise up and roll towards him, and a voice issuing from the upper part exclaimed—

"Well! I'm blowed, this is a good hedge, I'm blessed if it ain't."

Eric now perceived that the bundle resolved itself into a cab-driver, but he was so swathed in great coats and shawls it was almost impossible to define the shape of a human being.

"What has happened?" he inquired in a quick, sharp tone.

"Why it's happened that all on us 'a' been asleep. My 'us' as run agin a lamp-post; I've been chucked off my perch, which this dabble Benjamin 'as broke my fall; an' you've been durt forward and murdered at one slap, your werry superior goes into a hoppers 'at, but that's all past along. Where it all is, though, I don't think there's any 'arm done, except to the lamp-post, about which I shan't trouble my mind."

"But where are we?" inquired Eric, gazing around him.

Houses still everywhere; streets running and intersecting each other in every direction.

"Why, we're on a 'ill, that's all I know about it," replied the cabman. "You left it to me, I left it to the 'oss; he decides, after a long run, on a lamp-post, an' here we are."

"This is folly," exclaimed Eric, angrily. "I wish to be taken to some place where I can take up my abode for a time."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"A place where I can live," repeated Eric, "possibly, I suppose, but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

"Possibly, I suppose," suggested the cabman, "but I can't do it."

ALMANAC.

Table with 12 columns (Months) and 12 rows (Days of the month) showing the days of the week and the corresponding date.

STANTON'S DISCLOSURES.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—It appears from the facts in connection with the late abstraction of the bonds of the Indian trust funds, that about five months ago, Wm. H. Russell, of the firm of Messrs. Russell & Wadell, held about a million of dollars of the official acceptance of the Secretary of War. These acceptances had been given conditionally, in accordance with the usual course of business, for the transportation of the supplies of the army under the contract with the Government.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

WHEAT AND RYE.—The market for wheat and rye is now better than it was some time since. The demand for wheat is now more active, and the price is higher. The market for rye is also better, and the price is higher.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Published weekly at the Philadelphia Post Office, No. 100 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Price, Five Cents.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements in this paper are charged at the following rates: For the first insertion, one dollar per line; for subsequent insertions, fifty cents per line.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE AMERICAN... THE SATURDAY EVENING POST... MISCELLANEOUS.

EXCITEMENT AT PITTSBURGH, PA.—GUNS FOR SOUTHERN FORCES.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Dec. 24.—An intense excitement was created at Pittsburgh, on the 24th, in consequence of the being made public that U. S. Quartermaster Taylor was negotiating for the shipment from the Allegheny Arsenal of seventy-eight guns to New York, near Galveston Island, Texas, and fifty-four guns to the Ship Island, near the Balise, at the mouth of the Mississippi.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE MEASURES OF EDINBURGH, say that while the cheap press is flooding the nation with books and periodicals, works of an injurious and immoral tendency, are passing off as the result of the following estimates of the effect of the cheap press on the moral and intellectual condition of the people.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CONCORDED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Published weekly at the Philadelphia Post Office, No. 100 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Price, Five Cents.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements in this paper are charged at the following rates: For the first insertion, one dollar per line; for subsequent insertions, fifty cents per line.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE AMERICAN... THE SATURDAY EVENING POST... MISCELLANEOUS.

EXCITEMENT AT PITTSBURGH, PA.—GUNS FOR SOUTHERN FORCES.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Dec. 24.—An intense excitement was created at Pittsburgh, on the 24th, in consequence of the being made public that U. S. Quartermaster Taylor was negotiating for the shipment from the Allegheny Arsenal of seventy-eight guns to New York, near Galveston Island, Texas, and fifty-four guns to the Ship Island, near the Balise, at the mouth of the Mississippi.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE MEASURES OF EDINBURGH, say that while the cheap press is flooding the nation with books and periodicals, works of an injurious and immoral tendency, are passing off as the result of the following estimates of the effect of the cheap press on the moral and intellectual condition of the people.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CONCORDED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Published weekly at the Philadelphia Post Office, No. 100 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Price, Five Cents.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements in this paper are charged at the following rates: For the first insertion, one dollar per line; for subsequent insertions, fifty cents per line.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE AMERICAN... THE SATURDAY EVENING POST... MISCELLANEOUS.

EXCITEMENT AT PITTSBURGH, PA.—GUNS FOR SOUTHERN FORCES.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Dec. 24.—An intense excitement was created at Pittsburgh, on the 24th, in consequence of the being made public that U. S. Quartermaster Taylor was negotiating for the shipment from the Allegheny Arsenal of seventy-eight guns to New York, near Galveston Island, Texas, and fifty-four guns to the Ship Island, near the Balise, at the mouth of the Mississippi.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE MEASURES OF EDINBURGH, say that while the cheap press is flooding the nation with books and periodicals, works of an injurious and immoral tendency, are passing off as the result of the following estimates of the effect of the cheap press on the moral and intellectual condition of the people.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CONCORDED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Published weekly at the Philadelphia Post Office, No. 100 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Price, Five Cents.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements in this paper are charged at the following rates: For the first insertion, one dollar per line; for subsequent insertions, fifty cents per line.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE AMERICAN... THE SATURDAY EVENING POST... MISCELLANEOUS.

EXCITEMENT AT PITTSBURGH, PA.—GUNS FOR SOUTHERN FORCES.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Dec. 24.—An intense excitement was created at Pittsburgh, on the 24th, in consequence of the being made public that U. S. Quartermaster Taylor was negotiating for the shipment from the Allegheny Arsenal of seventy-eight guns to New York, near Galveston Island, Texas, and fifty-four guns to the Ship Island, near the Balise, at the mouth of the Mississippi.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE MEASURES OF EDINBURGH, say that while the cheap press is flooding the nation with books and periodicals, works of an injurious and immoral tendency, are passing off as the result of the following estimates of the effect of the cheap press on the moral and intellectual condition of the people.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CONCORDED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Published weekly at the Philadelphia Post Office, No. 100 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Price, Five Cents.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements in this paper are charged at the following rates: For the first insertion, one dollar per line; for subsequent insertions, fifty cents per line.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE AMERICAN... THE SATURDAY EVENING POST... MISCELLANEOUS.

